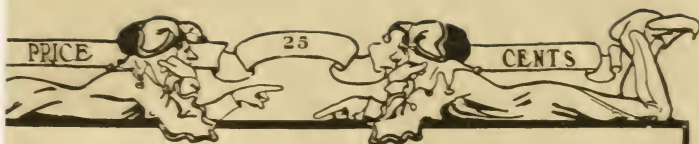


PS 635

.79

S3778

Copy 1



Dolly Travers' Inheritance



A PLAY
IN
FOUR ACTS

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO

Popular Entertainment Books

ALL THE HOLIDAYS. By Clara J. Denton. Contains 34 dialogues, exercises, and plays, and 36 recitations for all occasions and all grades. 201 pages. Price, 30 cents.

PLAYS AND COMEDIES FOR LITTLE FOLKS. By Marie Irish. Contains easy dramatizations of six familiar child stories and seventeen original plays and comedies for children, ages five to ten years. 172 pages. Price, 30 cents.

CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS. The best all-around books of recitations, dialogues, tableaux, charades and drills for all grades. Four books, each having over 200 pages. Price, each, 30 cents.

DICKERMAN'S DRILLS AND MARCHES. Seventeen new drills and exercises for the lower grades. Music and many illustrations. 86 pages. Price, 30 cents.

FAVORITE SONG PANTOMIMES. By Marie Irish. A collection of twenty-six of our old and favorite songs arranged with full directions for pantomiming. Frontispiece illustration. 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THE NORMAL DIALOGUE BOOK. Humorous dialogues, tableaux, charades, shadow scenes and pantomimes for school exhibitions. Thirty-one selections in all. 181 pages. Price, 30 cents.

PRACTICAL DIALOGUES, DRILLS AND MARCHES. Has twenty-two exercises for all grades. 152 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THANKSGIVING ENTERTAINMENTS. Contains 77 recitations, 12 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 10 songs, 12 tableaux, and 32 quotations. For all grades. 144 pages. Price, 25 cents.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS. Has 72 recitations, 11 dialogues and exercises, 2 acrostics, 3 drills, 8 songs, 4 tableaux, and 33 quotations. 160 pages. Price, 25 cents.

THIRTY NEW CHRISTMAS DIALOGUES AND PLAYS. For children of all ages. 175 pages. Price, 30 cents.

THE NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK. Almost wholly original, introducing many unique and novel entertainments. 165 pages. Price, 30 cents.

WASHINGTON DAY ENTERTAINMENTS. Has 55 recitations, 13 dialogues and exercises, 4 drills, 20 pantomimes and tableaux, a mock ceremony, 10 songs, over 100 quotations, stories, and facts. 176 pages. Price, 30 cents.

Send for Complete Catalogue of Publications.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY: CHICAGO

Dolly Travers' Inheritance

A Play in Four Acts

BY

LILIAN STAIR SCHREINER

Author of .

The Heavenly Twins



A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO

78635
29 5372

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

TMP96-007323

©Cl.D 42534

DEC -6 1915

720 1

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELLIOT McDOWELL.....	In search of a gold mine.
TOM DEERING.....	“Only a Boy.”
DICK SNODGRASS.....	The grocer’s assistant.
MAURICE SEYMOUR, ESQ.....	The family solicitor.
HANS VON UNTERWALDEN.....	In search of a sweetheart.
JACK MUGWUMP.....	A tramp.
MRS. TRAVERS.....	Early education neglected.
JANET DENTON.....	A “new woman.”
ELIZE DENTON.....	A “rose of yesterday.”
GRETCHEN LINDENSTRASSE.....	Just from the “Fatherland.”
DOLLIE TRAVERS.....	“Sech a child, you know.”

Butler, servants, and characters in mask ball.

SYNOPSIS

- ACT I—Library of the Travers home, an evening in June.
The mysterious burglar.
- ACT II—Garden of the Travers home, the morning after.
An interrupted proposal.
- ACT III—Library of the Travers home, the night of the Mask
Ball, three weeks later. A plot frustrated.
- ACT IV—Library of the Travers home, the next day. A birth-
day party.

TIME—*The present*

TIME OF PRESENTATION—*About two hours*

COSTUMES

- ELLIOT McDOWELL: Very stylish business suit, eye glass, and cane. Courtier's dress of the Elizabethan period in mask-ball scene.
- TOM DEERING: Evening clothes in first act. Any desired masquerade suit in mask ball scene. Young man's suit in other acts. Rather careless in appearance.
- DICK SNODGRASS: Grocery boy's costume, white apron, etc. Carries basket.
- MAURICE SEYMOUR: Business suit for elderly gentleman.
- HANS VON UNTERWALDEN: German immigrant's costume of the most pronounced type, wooden shoes, etc.
- JACK MUGWUMP: Tramp's make-up and costume, over which is worn an old woman's skirt and shawl. Large bonnet drawn down over the face. Carries basket.
- MRS. TRAVERS: Evening gown with opera cloak in first part of Act I. In last part, dressing gown or kimono. Colonial costume in mask ball scene. In other acts, afternoon dress of elderly lady, but untidy and overdressed.
- ELIZE DENTON: Evening gown with opera cloak in first part of Act I. Dressing gown or kimono in last part. In first part of Act II elaborately trimmed morning gown. In last part pink muslin dress, pink parasol, and hat with long plume. Any fancy dress costume in ball scene. In last part of Act IV, plain dark dress, and made up very pale.
- JANET DENTON: Evening gown like the others in first part of Act I. Kimono in second part. Fancy dress in ball scene. In the other acts, a very plain street dress.
- GRETCHEN LINDENSTRASSE: Maid's costume, cap and apron. Light hair in plaits. Last part of first act, short striped petticoat with white nightgown over it. Nightcap.
- DOLLIE TRAVERS: In first part of Act I, short gingham dress, having appearance of being out-grown. Apron if desired and hair tied with ribbons. Dressing gown or kimono in last part of Act I. In ball scene, a fancy costume of black chiffon or net spangled with stars, and short full skirt. Carries wand. In sleepwalking scene, nightgown. Hair down. In last act dress longer and hair done up but still childish in appearance.

DOLLY TRAVERS' INHERITANCE

ACT I

Library in the Travers home. Handsomely furnished. An old fashioned desk in a conspicuous place. A wide archway covered by closed curtains at back, L. Entrance door at back, R. Couch R., facing front. GRETCHEN discovered standing L.

GRETCHEN: Ach vy haf I to dis country come? I can not de English spik. I like not de peoples in dis house—only de kleine Dollie. She is goot. But de missus and de *Fraulein* Elize und Shanet—Pouf!—I like dem not. Dey are so mean to de kleine Dollie. (*Knock R.*) Ach, was ist dass? Come in! (*Enter DICK R.*)

DICK: Hello. (*Aside*) Darn my buttons, if that isn't the neatest girl I've seen in a coon's age. (*Aloud*) Hello there, Agnes, or Mollie, or whatever your name is. How d' you do?

GRETCHEN: I been wohl—no, well, danke.

DICK: Donkey! Call me a donkey, do you? I like your manners.

GRETCHEN (*frightened*): I spik not de English sehr goot.

DICK (*laughing loudly*): I should say not. (*Sitting on table*) Well, where's the rest of the push?

GRETCHEN (*confusedly*): Poosh?—I know not dat vord. I—

DICK (*aside*): What a fresh little cucumber! Guess I'll jolly her a little. (*Aloud*) So you don't know what "push" means? Well, I'll tell you. It means the whole bunch—your mistress, Elize, Janet, and Dollie—all of them. Now, do you savy?

GRETCHEN (*hands up in horror*): Savy, punch, poosh! Ach!

I know noddings! (*Crying*) I tink I go back to mine Fatherland.

DICK: Here, don't cry! Come here, now. (*Takes hand*) Let me give you a few lessons in English. You'll soon learn. Now that word "push"—that's a fine one. When some one comes and asks for your mistress and the young ladies, you must say "the push has gone to a party," or "the push is out walking." See?

GRETCHEN (*delighted*): Ja, I see. I will that word remember. Poosh—Poosh—

DICK (*laughing*): You're a good one, but my boss sent me up to get tomorrow's orders. Where's the missus?

GRETCHEN: Oorders? Ach, ja! You wish de housekeeper to see. She iss in de ki—kitchen. Come, I will you de vay show. (*Going L.*)

DICK: Gee, you're so green you'd kill all the bugs in a ten acre field of potatoes. Paris green has nothing on you. (*Both exit L.*)

GRETCHEN (*reëntering L.*): Ach das ist a fresh fellow. (*Enter Dollie door R. C.*)

DOLLIE: Ah, Gretchen, you here? Isn't it time for you to be in bed?

GRETCHEN: I must for de laties wait.

DOLLIE (*seating herself wearily at table*): Where did they go?

GRETCHEN: I tink to Mrs. Shones. Miss Dollie, vy dond you go?

DOLLIE: Why, don't you see? They never take me anywhere. They leave me here alone every night. Oh, I don't see how I can stand it any longer. (*Crying*) Gretchen, (*getting up*) did you ever know what it was to be so lonesome you nearly died, and to want to see some one, oh so much? It is nearly a year since my father died and I can hardly live at all without him. (*Sits with head on table crying*)

GRETCHEN (*L.*): Ach, Miss Dollie, I know it too. (*Crying*) Mein Vaterland—Hans!

DOLLIE: Oh, Gretchen! (*coming to her*) Do you know this terrible feeling too? (*Putting arm around her*) There,

there, don't cry! I have been selfish in my grief. Here you have been as lonesome as I and I have done nothing to help you.

GRETCHEN: Ach, no, Miss Dollie! I love you! You have been so good.

DOLLIE: Oh no, I haven't, but I will be. Don't call me "Miss" Dollie either. You and I must be friends anyhow. (*They sit on couch*) Now, tell me all about your home.

GRETCHEN: Ach, I can not. I would too much cry. I cannot of it speak. It is so far away, over the great water. And Hans!

DOLLIE: Hans! Who is he?

GRETCHEN (*twisting corner of apron*): He is my—What you say?

DOLLIE (*smiling*): Oh, your sweetheart.

GRETCHEN: Ja, dass ist! Ach, I love him! He will to this country come. I keep all my moneys. I send to Hans, and he will come. *It is so long.* (*Crying*)

DOLLIE: There, there, don't-ery! We'll soon find a way to bring him. You may go to bed now. I'll wait up until the others come. (*Exit GRETCHEN R.*) Poor little Gretchen! But she is not so entirely alone as I am. She has her Hans even if he is away over the sea, but I have no one. Oh, Papa, Papa! Why did you leave me alone? (*Knock, L. Starts up*) Who can be coming at this time of night? And what a fright I look! (*Smoothing hair, etc.*) Come in!

(*Enter Tom L.*)

TOM: Hello, Dollie! Why, what's the matter? Crying, by Jove! So they've gone off and left you again. It's a beastly shame. Knew that's what the old cats would do, so I thought I'd come and console you.

DOLLIE (*looking him over*): So you've been to the party, too. You needn't trouble yourself, Mr. Deering. Go back to your old party! So there! (*Crying again*)

TOM: Oh, come now, Dollie, don't be hard on a fellow. I'd lots rather stay here with you than circulate around in that stuck-up set. (*Sits R. of table*)

DOLLIE: Would you? (*Wiping her eyes and crossing to him*) You see I was just dying of lonesomeness, and when I saw you with those clothes on, I thought you had just come out of pity. But it is all right now. Let's have a jolly time. Here, let me have your hat. (*Puts it away. Then seats herself at L. of table, elbows on it*) Now tell me all about the party.

TOM: Party be damned!

DOLLIE: Whew! Don't *swear*, Tom.

TOM: Well then, what in thunder makes the old hags treat you so? (*Gets up and stamps around the room*)

DOLLIE: Oh, why must we talk of disagreeable things? Haven't I just been crying about it? And now you want to bring it all back again. But if you must know, come and sit down like a reasonable being and I'll tell you all about it. Their hatred of me, for I can call it by no other name, began just after my father died a year ago. Ever since then my step-mother and her daughters—sisters they have never been—have instituted a system of studied coldness and hard treatment, the very opposite of the fawning tenderness bestowed upon me in his lifetime. They never take me anywhere, buy me no new clothes, and hustle me out of the room when visitors come, as if they wanted to keep my very existence a secret. Oh, I can never tell you of all the torments I am called upon to endure every hour of the day.

TOM: Why do you stand it? Can no one do anything?

DOLLIE: What would be thought of me if I should bring complaint against my own people? Who would listen to me? The excuse always made to strangers, is—"Oh, she's sech a child you know." Here I am nearly eighteen years old and they keep me dressed like this.

TOM: Why, I think that's a stunning dress!

DOLLIE (*contemptuously*): Oh, that's all boys know.

TOM: But, what makes them so down on you? That's what I don't see.

DOLLIE: Well, it's like this. When Papa died suddenly, no will could be found, so the natural thing of course was

to have my stepmother appointed my guardian until I'm of age. Everything was turned over to her, and as long as they can keep me a little girl and not let people know how old I am, they can do what they like with papa's money. But I know papa never meant it that way. He had begun to see through them before he died. I know he left a will. (*Getting up and putting hands to head*) Oh, why can't I remember what he said? He told me with almost his last breath where he put it. His last words! Oh, why will they not come back to me? (*Gazing wildly around*) This very room! His room! Yet I can not remember. I can not. I— (*Sinks into chair, hands over face*)

TOM (*soothingly*): There, there, Dollie, don't. Things will surely be better soon. Do you think they suspect he left a will?

DOLLIE: Yes, I think they do and that is why they hate me so. You see if it were found and put into a lawyer's hands, my rights would have to be recognized. Papa was queer about some things, and he thought it would be safer in a secret place than in a lawyer's hands. To think that to me alone he told the secret and I have forgotten it—forgotten it as completely as though I never heard it. The awful shock of his sudden death left me so stunned. My mind was a blank for days, and those last words have never come back to me. (*Looks dreamily around the room*)

TOM: Have you ever looked for it?

DOLLIE (*rousing, as though coming out of a dream*): Have I? I never let a chance slip by. I think it's in this room somewhere, but where I do not know. Oh, I am so tired of this life. Must it go on forever?

TOM: Of course not. We must find a way to get ahead of them. In the meantime, remember you have a friend in me.

DOLLIE (*getting up*): Yes, Tom, I know that, but oh— (*Sighs*) But let's not be miserable any more. The whole evening is going. Here's good-by to all sad thoughts!

(*Dancing around the room*) You smoke—Don't you want to now? Give me a cigarette, too! We used to smoke them at school—because we were told not to I suppose. (*Tom lights cigarettes for both. DOLLIE puts on TOM's hat and struts around imitating a man*)

TOM (*laughing*): That's good. I wish the dainty and super-fine Elize could see you now. (*Sound of some one coming*) Speaking of angels—

(*Enter MRS. TRAVERS and daughters center back. DOLLIE front L. sitting on arm of chair and puffing away unconsciously at cigarette. Mother and daughters stop in middle of stage with expressions of astonishment*)

ELIZE: What on earth—

JANET (*sarcastically*): Well, Dollie, this is a nice thing to do.

MRS. TRAVERS: Law me, darters, she's sech a child you know. (*Sinks into a chair as though overcome. Recovering, she sits up and glares at Dollie*) Dollie, you naughty girl! Go to your room immediately. I'll see to yew!

DOLLIE (*aside*): I see myself. (*Aloud to TOM*) Didn't I tell you? (*Laughs and bows in mock humility to Mrs. TRAVERS*) My dear Mrs. Travers, I'm really sorry to disappoint you, but, as I have not yet finished my cigarette, a moonlight stroll with Mr. Deering will be more to my liking. Come Tom, this may not be very proper, but I'm "sech a child you know" that I can not be expected to observe the proprieties. (*Bowing low, exits center with TOM*)

ELIZE and JANET (*together*): Well, I never—

MRS. T. (*in openmouthed astonishment*): Law me! Gals, I don't know what tew dew with her. She's too much fer me.

JANET (*spitefully*): Yes, and for all of us. Mark my words, Miss Dollie is going to come out on the top of the heap every time. Elize, you do despise her, don't you? She's young, pretty, and—*rich*—if that long sought will ever turns up. But I want to tell you one thing. Keep her out of Elliot McDowell's sight or you'll never land your fish.

ELIZE (*in a rage*): Keep still, can't you. Do you want to make me hate her any more than I do?

JANET (*laughing*): Glad I'm not troubled by any nonsense of that sort. (*Yawning*) Well, I'm off to bed. Tomorrow is my busy day. Let me see— (*coming center, counting on fingers*) At nine o'clock, a committee meeting to arrange for a workingman's reading room; at ten, a meeting of the Club of Advanced Ideas for Women; at twelve, a visit to St. Luke's Hospital for Crippled Children; at one, a—

ELIZE: Oh, for Heaven's sake, do go to bed. You'll drive me crazy.

MRS. T. (*who has been dozing*): What—How—Law me, darters, don't fight.

JANET (*going R. laughing*): Dear me, Mother, your language is certainly refined. I'll leave you to enjoy it.

(*Exit R. front*)

ELIZE: Mother, can't you ever remember not to say "Law me" and "darters"? (*Crosses L.*)

MRS. T. (*dazed*): How? Law me—

ELIZE (*exasperated*): Oh, let's go to bed!

MRS. T. (*rising*): But what about Dollie?

ELIZE (*angrily*): Oh, she'll take care of herself, never fear. You'll find her in her room all right. (*Exit Mrs. T. R.*) Dollie—Yes, she will take care of herself and we'll be the ones to suffer. (*Center*) We cannot keep her a child much longer and if that wretched will is found, I am sure this wealth will be Dollie's and we shall have to go back to the poverty from which her father rescued us when he married Mother. And Elliot McDowell! Would his love stand the test of poverty? Is that love mine? Will it ever be? Oh, love such as I bear for him is a curse. It makes me hate everything that comes between me and my desire of winning him. Oh, if I could find the missing will I'd destroy it as I would the veriest scrap of paper. Nothing—not even fate itself shall withhold from me the priceless boon of Elliot McDowell's love. As for Dollie—let her beware, for if she with her baby face and childish ways, should come

between me and my love, I'd crush her as I would the lowest worm that crawls!

(Exit R. after turning down lights)

(TOM enters stealthily by door at back. Looks cautiously around)

TOM: Ha, the coast is clear at last. I soon persuaded Dollie to go to bed and now that they are all gone I am going to have a try at finding that will. Sh—What's that? I would be in the devil of a fix if any one should come, but I'll be hanged if I can stand seeing Dollie bullyragged to death by those old cats. She said it was somewhere in this room *(is looking around all the time he is talking)* and I am going to make a systematic search. Not there. *(Going over to desk)* She said this was his private desk. There might be a secret drawer or something. *(Hears something outside)* "Ha, by the pricking of my thumbs, something evil this way comes." Here, I'll hide in here. *(Gets behind curtain just as MRS. TRAVERS enters R. with candle in hand)*

MRS. T.: Law me. Thought I heerd somethin' daown here. Burglars, maybe. *(Peering around)* Ain't nobody here after all. *(Sets candle down on table)* This room jest gives me the shivers. Seems as if I could see Dollie's pa's eyes lookin' out of every corner. Law me, he was a good man! *(Sniffing)* Dollie ain't a mite like him. Dear me, I wonder naow where he could have put that will. *(Tom looks out)* That ar desk there was his'n an' he set a power o' store by it. Wonder if it ain't in there. *(Goes near curtain and hears noise)* What's that? *(Pulls curtain aside and sees TOM)* Oh! *(shricks)* Burglars! Help! Help! Oh! *(Sinks into a chair. DOLLIE enters L. in time to see TOM going out by door at back. Is about to speak to him when he motions her to be silent)*

DOLLIE *(aside)*: What can Tom be doing here? I wonder, but mum's the word. *(Goes to MRS. T. just as ELIZE and JANET rush in R.)*

DOLLIE: There, there, Mother, it's all right.

JANET and ELIZE *(together)*: What's the matter?

MRS. T. (*beginning to scream again*): Burglars! Help!
Where are they?

(*Enter GRETCHEN L.*)

GRETCHEN: Ach, was ist? Donner and blitzen! Was ist?
Ach, such a dime! (*Screams and sits down flat on
floor L. front, with feet straight out in front of her*)

DOLLIE: There, there, everyone keep still! He's gone. I
saw him go. He was as much frightened as we were.

ELIZE (*screams*): There was a burglar then.

MRS. T. (*center*): Oh, I'm faint. I— (*All rush to catch
her except ELIZE, who also succumbs in a chair, and
GRETCHEN, who still remains on the floor in a state of
collapse*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Garden of the Travers home. Rustic tables and seats. Garden seat R., covered with rugs and cushions.

(Enter GRETCHEN L. with tray containing cups of chocolate. Enter DICK R.)

DICK: Hello there, little Dutchy! What have you on that tray? Sauerkraut and wiener-wursts?

GRETCHEN *(setting tray down on table)*: Nein, das iss schocolade for de Fraulein Elize.

DICK *(mocking her)*: Schocolade! Well, how're you coming any-how? Like it any better?

GRETCHEN *(sighing)*: Ach, it is a lant of big lonesomeness. Ach, I feel so—here— *(Placing hand on heart)*

DICK: Why, what's the matter? Stomach ache?

GRETCHEN: Ach, nein! You understand not. I got such a feelings here in mein heart—

DICK: Why, don't you like it here? Aren't they good to you?

GRETCHEN: Ach, yes, de Miss Dollie *ist gut*. But de Fraulein Elize! *(Raising hands)* Was für eine Frau ist das? Ach, I must eferytings do for her—de dresses bring, de schocolade, de shoes lace oop *(acting it all out)* und sie, sie tut immer so, and she do always so. *(Imitating a lady fixing hair and putting powder on face)* Ach, es ist awful! *(Shaking head)*

DICK *(laughing)*: Well, you are certainly the limit. *(Aside)* She'd be great if she wasn't so darned fresh. She's a peach, all right, all right. *(Aloud)* Say, you don't have to put anything on your face do you? Let's see. *(He rubs her cheek with his finger. She slaps him away)*

GRETCHEN: Ach, du bist awful!

DICK: Let's you and me be spoons on each other. What do you say? *(Tries to put arm around her)*

GRETCHEN (*jerking away*): Spoons? Was ist das?

DICK: Why, don't you know? Lovers—sweethearts—

GRETCHEN: Sweetheart? *Das meint Hans!* I haf one sweetheart in Deutschland— (*proudly*) mein Hans.

DICK: The devil you say.

GRETCHEN: Ja, ja, but I ged no ledder. Ach, I— (*Begins to cry*)

DICK: Oh say now—let up on that. Don't go making a fountain of yourself for any damned Dutchman. Give him the grand bounce and take yours truly. Won't you? (*Comes close to her*)

GRETCHEN (*draws back*): Nein! nein! (*Runs off L. front*)

DICK: Well, that was a left hander, sure pop! Gee, I'd do anything for her "Royal Nibs, Miss Sauer Kraut." But she surely did hand me the "frozen mitt." It's me for the cold and chilly street. (*Taking up basket*) Mary Ann Simpkins has turned me down too, so I'm a regular "Babe in the Woods," tra la. (*Goes off R., singing.*)

ELIZE *enters center, slowly saunters to table, pours out a cup of chocolate, yawning, seats herself on bench and slowly sips*)

ELIZE: Oh, these late hours do make one feel depressingly weary. And then that burglar scare last night was enough to keep one awake most of the night. (*Ficing hair and smoothing face*) It all has its effect on the complexion too. I am afraid I could see wrinkles beginning to come this morning. (*Getting up and walking around*) But I must contrive to liven up a little before Mr. McDowell comes. (*DOLLIE enters unscen, center back. Stands and listens*) I am almost sure that he will propose to-day. His manner was so impressive last night, that I think he asked to call for that very purpose. I do wish that I felt better, or at least looked better. I shall receive him here on the lawn, wear my pink muslin, and hold my pink parasol. He is coming at ten and it must be almost that now. (*Turns and discovers DOLLIE. Aside*) That minx! Wonder if she heard me? (*To DOLLIE*) Haven't you anything to do except to stand around where you aren't wanted?

DOLLIE (*coming front*): Well, no. Perhaps, when I am as old as you are I may find more to occupy my time. And, in the meantime, seeing that these grounds belonged to my father, I may perhaps be allowed standing room in them. (*Going L.*)

(JANET *enters hurriedly R.*)

JANET: Oh dear, what time is it? I shall be late for the Advanced Idea Class (*sitting at table and pouring out chocolate*) and after that comes the Mother's Congress.

ELIZE: Mother's Congress, indeed! You'd better join an Old Maid's Society for the Benefit of Stray Cats.

JANET: My, Elize, your temper is heavenly this morning. Wasn't McDowell as attentive as usual last night?

ELIZE: As for Elliot McDowell, the future will show that I am perfectly able to manage him. Au revoir, my angels. (*Exit C.*)

JANET: Humpf, I must say Elize is on her high horse this morning. But I must hurry.

DOLLIE (*coming up and kneeling beside her*): Janet, couldn't you spare a little time from your clubs for me? I'm sure I need your sympathy much more than they do. (*Sobbing*) Oh, ever since Papa died I have been just starving for a little love, but no one cares a rap for me!

JANET (*drawing away*): Oh Dollie, don't bother me! Go to Tom Deering or some one else for sympathy—I haven't any for you. I haven't time. Don't you see? (*Pulling out notebook and reading from it as she gets up and looks at watch*) Advanced Idea Class at nine, Mother's Congress at ten, Lecture by Professor Theophilus Jastrow on the Amelioration of Siberian Lepers at eleven o'clock, and (*goes off L. still reading from notebook*)

DOLLIE (*rising with gesture of despair*): Oh, it's of no use. No one has any time for me. Well, I'll just have to fashion my life without love. I'll be just as hard and unfeeling as they are, and if I don't have some fun at their expense I'll know the reason why. I wish Tom were here. I heard Elize say that she expected her fine beau, Elliot McDowell, this morning, and that she thought

he would "pop the question," but (*dancing around and singing*) "I'll be there ma honey, I'll be there," and we'll see who will do the popping. I must find Tom and then for some fun. (*Glancing L.*) Oh, here he is now. Oh, Tom— (*TOM enters L.*) I've just been looking for you.

TOM: That's good news. What's up?

DOLLIE: Oh, I want your help in a scheme I have on hand. Will you help me?

TOM: Sure thing. What is it?

DOLLIE: Now don't *preach* and don't back out. I've gone just about to my limit in this house and I am going to do something to pay them back for their treatment of me. Elize was as hateful as an old cat this morning. She's expecting Elliot McDowell and she thinks he is going to propose to her. She's going to receive him out here in the garden—see, she has the seat all fixed up with cushions. You and I are going to hide behind it and listen. When he gets to the exciting moment we will jump up and give them the "Ha, ha," and then run away.

TOM (*drawing back*): Oh, Dollie, that's a very mean thing to do.

DOLLIE: I don't care if it is. She's everlastingly mean to me and I'm going to pay her back.

TOM: I'd do anything for you, Dollie, but this seems dishonorable.

DOLLIE: Dishonorable, nothing! I told you not to preach. All right then, go home. (*tossing her head*) You needn't help me, you needn't do anything, but never, never, speak to me again! (*Turns to go R.*)

TOM (*heaving a sigh*): Oh, well, Dollie, it's awful, but I'll help you. Of course I will. I said I'd stand by you and I will.

DOLLIE (*running toward him*): Oh, Tom, you are a dear! I could almost kiss you for that.

TOM (*seizing her*): All right, here goes.

DOLLIE: No, no! (*Struggling and running off C., TOM fol-*

lowing) (GRETCHEN *enters and removes chocolate tray L.*)

(*Enter ELIZE R.*)

ELIZE: I wonder why he doesn't come. (*Looking at watch*) It's past ten now. (*Pacing up and down restlessly*) Oh, if this chance fails me! But I must be calm. I must not let him see how I feel. (*Listening*) I hear footsteps. (*Sits and takes up book. McDOWELL enters center back and comes front*)

McDOWELL: My dear Miss Elize, excuse my being a trifle late. It was unavoidable. (*She rises. He takes her hand and bows low over it*)

ELIZE: You are excused. Will you not sit down? (*They seat themselves*)

McDOWELL (*fanning himself with hat*): Warm, isn't it? But one scarcely feels the heat in the shade of these magnificent trees.

ELIZE: Yes, the trees are beautiful. The late Mr. Travers was very proud of his gardens. Have you ever been through them?

McDOWELL: No, I have not. That is a pleasure reserved for you to bestow upon me.

ELIZE (*gaily*): Well there's no time like the present. Come, suppose we inspect them now.

McDOWELL (*rising*): Gladly.

(*He gives her his arm, and they stroll up center and off R. TOM and DOLLIE run in L.*)

DOLLIE (*laughing*): She thinks she is going to secure her prize, but we'll fool her this trip.

TOM: What'er you going to do?

DOLLIE: Do? Didn't I tell you what we're going to do? Hide behind this bench, and then when he begins to get spoony, jump out at them, and laugh and run.

TOM (*groaning*): That seems like such a low down thing to do.

DOLLIE: Of course it is, and I am glad of it. If you have cold feet already, why just go home like a good little boy, I don't want you.

TOM: Oh, Dollie, of course—

DOLLIE: Well, come on then, they'll be back in a minute.
(*They hide themselves just as ELIZE and McDOWELL stroll in, center, come forward and sit on bench*)

McDOWELL: Yes, it was a very enjoyable affair.

ELIZE: It surely was. I think we are going to give a ball very soon and a fancy dress one at that.

McDOWELL: Indeed! But my dear Miss Elize, I do not see how you could look any more charming in a fancy-dress costume than you do to-day. Late hours seem to have no effect upon you.

ELIZE: Oh, Mr. McDowell, you flatter me.

McDOWELL: Not at all. I have long wanted to be more than a casual acquaintance. Believe me, I— (*Placing his arm along the back of the seat*) Elize (*bending toward her*) You surely must have seen that I— (*A loud giggle is heard. TOM and DOLLIE spring from behind bench and run laughing off R.*)

McDOWELL (*springing up*): The devil—

ELIZE (*trembling and half crying*): Dollie Travers! This is shameful! (*To McDOWELL*) Mr. McDowell, I must beg your pardon for the very reprehensible conduct of my sister.

McDOWELL: Your sister? (*Aside*) Devilish handsome anyway. (*Looking R.*)

ELIZE (*much excited*): Oh, I can not think what induced her to act so. We have condoned her faults heretofore because she is so very young. But she must and shall learn manners.

McDOWELL (*in a rather cool manner*): Dear Miss Elize, pray calm yourself. It was nothing more than a girlish trick. We can surely forgive it. And now I think I will leave in order to give you an opportunity to recover from this little incident.

(*Exit R., bowing*)

ELIZE (*rushing back and forth excitedly*): Scandalous! Contemptible! I feel as if I could utterly annihilate that child! She has ruined my last chance with him. He will never get so far again. And all on account of her. I wish we were living in a barbarian age, for I would

welcome any means to rid me of her hated presence— (JACK MUGWUMP, *disguised as a woman selling lace, appears center back. Sneaks up and listens to ELIZE*) dungeons, slow torture, poison— (JACK *starts*) anything to get her out of my way. I will do something if I die for it. (*Exit up through trees R. without having seen JACK, who comes forward*)

JACK (*pushing bonnet back to show real character*): Well what the devil! Never see one of the swells worked up like that before. She sure has got it in for some one. Wants "knock-out drops," does she? Maybe I can strike up a bargain with her. (*Looking R.*) Here she comes now. (*Pulls bonnet down over face and walks like an old woman*)

ELIZE (*entering R., exhausted, sits on bench*): I could not go into the house. I must recover myself first.

(JACK *comes front*)

JACK (*in whining tone*): Kind leddy, please buy some lace for the sake of me six small childher stharving at home.

ELIZE (*impatently*): Oh, my good woman, go away. I have troubles of my own. I don't want to look at any lace.

JACK (*in a loud tone of grief*): Ochone, wirra, wirra! It's stharving we are, ma'am. Well thin, there's nothing left me, but to take a ddrop or two av this poison an make an ind of mesilf, an' the orphan asylums will take care of me six poor childher. Ochone, ochone!

ELIZE (*aside, in a hoarse voice*): Poison! (*Aloud*) What—what did you say, my good woman? Poison? You wouldn't take that would you? Every one would—know it—and maybe the orphan asylums would not take care of your children if they knew that—you—

JACK: Not a bit of it ma'am. They wouldn't know a thing about it, ma'am. (*He comes closer, speaking in a whisper. ELIZE listens with fear and horror depicted on her face*)

This medicine don't leave no trace behind. A few drops in a cup of coffee an' you fall asleep like a babby, ma'am.

ELIZE (*in a whisper*): How—much—for the—bottle? But I have—no money—here. Take this ring—give—me the

bottle. (*Panting*) There take this. (*She pushes ring into his hand, snatches bottle, and goes off hurriedly R. After she is gone JACK throws bonnet off entirely, revealing face, drops basket and examines ring*)

JACK: May I be blowed, but she's a rum one. (MCDOWELL appears at back, stops, and listens) She certainly wanted the dope bad to put up a sparkler like this for it.

MCDOWELL (*coming up and seizing JACK by the collar*): Jack Mugwump! What are you doing here and where did you get that ring? (*Snatching ring out of his hand and looking at it*) Some more of your foxy work, eh? Didn't I tell you the last time that if I ever saw you again I'd land you in jail? And here you are at it again! If I'm not mistaken, I saw this ring on Miss Denton's finger not half an hour ago. I can tell it by its peculiar setting. How do you happen to have it?

JACK (*cowering*): She gave it to me, Mister.

MCDOWELL: Gave it to you? No more of such lies!

JACK: She did, sir. She was half off her head about something. Wanted to put somebody or something out of the way, an' I watched my chance an' showed her a little bottle of dope I had, sir, an' she was that dead anxious to have it that she just pushed the ring into me hand an' was off like a flash. Hope to die, sir.

MCDOWELL (*who has listened in astonishment*): Be off with you, before I put the police on you! You stole it, you rascal! (*Shakes him again, and pulls shawl off showing common tramp's torn coat and shirt*) Now be off with you and mind you this is the last time. If I ever see you again I'll deliver you to the first cop I see. I will return the ring to Miss Denton. (JACK *gathers up things and sneaks away*)

MCDOWELL (*pacing up and down*): This is a strange coincidence, surely. But it must be a lie clear through, but—Oh, it *must* be! What could she want with poison? Nothing, surely. I'll just dismiss the whole thing from my mind. (*Looking around*) I came back after my glove. Here it is. (*Picking it up and sitting down on bench*) Yes, a strange coincidence all through. I came

very near proposing to Elize when that little minx knocked it in the head. I am rather glad of it—it is well not to be in too much of a hurry about some things, and the dainty Elize is not as young as she once was. Yet there are all those cursed debts. I must have money some way and marrying it seems to be the easiest way of getting it. There must be money here. (*Looking around*) Everything shows it. And yet there's something strange about it, too. There's the old lady, ignorant as the devil, and this sister that they have kept so mysteriously in the background. Jove, there was reason for that! No one would look at the others twice while she was around. Gad, it would be easy to propose to her although she might be a prickly thorn to deal with. Not a disagreeable change after the cloying flattery one gets so much of. Hm-mm—not a bad idea! Guess I'll follow it up. (*Rises*) This affair of the ring still worries me. What could she want with poison? (*Starts*) The little sister—Oh, it couldn't be! And yet now that I recall it, I did not like the look in her eyes when the two of them jumped out on us. And women can be devils sometimes. It will bear looking into, anyway. And I guess Miss Denton will be rather surprised when I give her ring back to her. (*Exit R. as TOM and DOLLIE run in L. laughing*)

DOLLIE: Oh dear, oh dear, I shall die laughing. Did you ever see anybody so upset as they were? Elize looked as if she would like to murder me. (*Looking at TOM*) But what is the matter with you?

TOM: Nothing, only I can't see the fun in a mean trick like that.

DOLLIE: Mean? Of course it was mean. I meant it to be. I've tried for the last time to win love from them. Only this morning I went down on my knees to Janet and begged her for a little of the sympathy she bestows on her clubs and hospitals, but she turned from me in scorn. Never again will I look for or expect a kind word from any of them. But you just wait! Papa's last words will surely come back to me sometime. I'll find the will and then I'll show them the mercy they have shown me.

TOM: Yes, if we only could find it! But you saw how I brought the house about my ears when I tried last night.

DOLLIE: Yes, but what if I don't find it? Do you suppose they can keep me out of Papa's money forever? I guess not. When I am eighteen—and that won't be long—I am going to a lawyer.

TOM: Yes, you can do that.

DOLLIE: And I will. But, Tom, did you hear Elize telling McDowell about the mask ball they are going to give? Well, I'm going to it and you must come too.

TOM: Not on your life! I hate the d—mn things.

DOLLIE: Now, Tom Deering, you just have to come, do you hear? (*Stamping foot*)

TOM (*resignedly*): Yes, I hear, and I suppose I'll come. (*Aside*) Pretty state of affairs when I let a girl turn me around like this. (*Aloud*) Well, what costume are you going in? (*Sulkily*) I shan't mask.

DOLLIE: You silly! Of course you'll mask. What fun'll it be if you don't? And besides I have another scheme to tease Elize. I've spoiled her chance once with McDowell and I am going to do it again. Oh, I'm going to get up a stunning costume. There are yards and yards of black chiffon up in the garret. I shall be a fairy of the night. Of course as I am "sech a child you know." I'll have it real short. Oh, can't I dance in it! Like this, see. (*Lifting skirts, she waltzes round stage humming lunc*) Oh, Tom, won't it be fun? (*Going up to him she puts hands on his shoulders*) You will come, won't you, Tom?

TOM: I suppose so, but what's your scheme.

DOLLIE: Why don't you see? I will try to charm McDowell so that he will pay all his attention to me instead of to Elize. And take me in to supper, too! Won't she be mad though?

TOM: Well, I like that! Ask a fellow to go to a party and then coolly tell him you are going to supper with another man.

DOLLIE (*teasingly*): Yes, Tom, a man. You're only a boy, you know.

TOM: Boy or not, I'll never consent to being treated that

way. And another thing, I decidedly object to your having anything to do with Elliot McDowell. He's not a man that I care to have you know.

DOLLIE (*standing in front of him, hands on hips*): Phew—ew—*Mister* Tom Deering! How high and mighty we are! Whoever constituted you my guardian? I'll have you understand that I shall choose my friends without any of your assistance.

TOM: Then you needn't expect me at your old party, that's all.

DOLLIE: Well really, Mr. Deering, we shall try to exist without your delightful company. Perhaps you would do well to remember the little maxim—"there are others"—and owing to the state of your health this morning I think I will bid you a very good—day. (*Bowing low she goes off L. humming a tune*)

TOM (*stamping up and down front*): What the *devil* makes girls act so? Now she knows as well as I do that I'll go to this confounded party. Of course I will, if only to protect her from that snob of a McDowell.

(*Exit R. as DOLLIE enters L.*)

DOLLIE (*in a whisper*): Tom! Tom! Why—he's gone—(*Coming front*) And mad at me, too. (*Crying*) Oh, why didn't I behave myself? (*Looking up in a frightened way*) Why, Tom's the only friend I have in the world—the only person that cares one—single—thing about me. And now I—have—lost him. Oh, I am so alone. (*Falls sobbing on the bench*)

CURTAIN

ACT III

Library in the Travers home—same as in Act I, but with curtains of archway at back drawn aside to disclose portion of ballroom. Couch at front R. is screened off by ferns and potted palms to form alcove. Desk still in conspicuous place. Commotion heard L. as curtain rises.

(Enter DICK SNODGRASS and HANS VON UNTERWALDEN.)

DICK: Hi there, Dutchy! Are there any more like you where you came from?

HANS (*confused*): *Ich versteh nicht—*
(Enter DOLLIE R.)

DOLLIE: Why, Dick, whom have you here?

DICK: Search me. I don't believe he knows himself. Guess he doesn't savvy any English. I came up here, hoping to get a glimpse of little Miss Sauer Kraut, and I found him wandering around the house. He won't leave—seems as if he wants someone, but he can't speak a word of English.

HANS: English! Nein, nein! (*Shaking head and talking very fast in German, ending with—*) *Ich suche mein Schatz!*

DICK: Who said anything about shots? Take me for a cannon, do you? I'd like to fire off a shot or two just to see if those gunboats (*pointing to his feet*) would stay on when you jumped.

DOLLIE: Don't bother him, Dick. I can talk a little German, and I'll see what I can do. (*Going up to HANS.*) *Was wollen Sie?*

HANS: *Ich will mein Schatz finden.*

DOLLIE: Schatz? Schatz? Oh yes, that means sweetheart. (*To DICK*) You know, Gretchen told us that.

HANS (*much excited*): *Ja, ja, Gretchen, das ist—Wo ist*

sic? Sic ist meine schatz, meine liebe. (Taking DOLLIE'S hand)

DOLLIE: Why, do you mean Gretchen—Gretchen Lindenstrasse?

HANS (*more excited*): *Ja, ja, sic ist mein schatz. Ich heisz Hans Von Unterwalden. (Bowing over her hand)*

DOLLIE: I see! (*Laughing and clapping hands*) You are Hans, Gretchen's sweetheart, and have come all this way to see her. Oh, Dick, she will be so glad to see him. Take him down to the kitchen.

DICK: Yes, I s'pose she will be glad to see him, but I ain't, darn his Dutch hide. I had some hopes of Miss Sauer Kraut myself. (*Goes L. followed by HANS*)

DOLLIE (*scats herself by table*): Well, Gretchen will be surprised. Everyone has some one belonging to them except me. It seems to me I get lonelier and lonelier. Tom has been mad at me ever since that day in the garden, three weeks ago, and Elize never speaks to me at all. She only looks at me with such a hateful glare in her eye that it makes the cold shivers go all over me. I believe she'd murder me if she got the chance. Well, to-night is the grand mask ball that she's counting so much on. They won't expect to see me there, but I'll surprise them a few. I've my dress all ready and it is a dandy. It is almost time for the party now, I suppose. Janet and Elize have been primping for the last hour, but my debut will be necessarily somewhat later than theirs. (*Goes to L. as ELIZE enters R. in fancy dress, but not masked*)

ELIZE: There's Dollie. How I hate that girl! My whole soul seems burning up with a desire to be revenged upon her milk-white prettiness. Elliot McDowell has scarcely looked at me since that scene in the garden and it is all due to her. (*Pacing up and down*) Oh, I can well understand how women tortured as I am have been driven to any means within their power to rid themselves of a hated rival. I know too that my looks are suffering through all this misery, and *that* is laid up against you, too, Miss Dollie. But I must calm myself, as the guests will soon be arriving.

(Enter MRS. TRAVERS and JANET in costumes, but without masks)

MRS. T.: Elize, darter, yew look pretty badly this evenin'. Ain't yew feelin' well? Hadn't yew better take a dose of bitters when ye go to bed?

ELIZE (*stamping foot in a rage*): Bitters! Mother, Mother! You will drive me crazy. Can't you ever learn to be like other people? I almost think if it were not for you, Elliot McDowell would not have stopped coming to see me. Anyone can see the difference between our bringing-up and Dollie's. Oh, I wish you would stay out of the room when he comes.

MRS. T. (*beginning to cry*): Wa'al dear me, ef this don't beat all. Talkin' tew yer mother like this—her who's done everythin' she could fer ye. Why, Elize, child, they han't nothin' I han't done fer ye an' (*straightening up*) let me say, dar—daughter, I may be ignorant as ye say, but I'm yer mother arter all an' ye ain't got no call tew talk ter me like that. An' jest let me tell ye that a gal that'll treat her own mother that's slaved an' dug fer her gals as ye know I hev fer yew when we hadn't nothin' to eat hardly, an' brought ye up right an' did fer ye—jest let me say there won't nothin' go right with ye, mark my words. The Lord won't prosper ye. I'm an old woman an' ignorant, I know, but I know enough to know that a gal that treats her mother as you do me ain't a-goin' ter get along well in this world—

ELIZE (*who has been impatiently tapping her foot*): There, that'll do, if you are done *preaching* I guess I'll go and finish my toilet. Janet, you had better watch out that mother doesn't offer some of our guests a dose of bitters.
(Exit L.)

MRS. T. (*still crying*): Janet, what's the matter with her?
JANET: Why, Mother, can't you see? She is just crazy about Elliot McDowell. For some reason or other he has been cutting her lately, and it makes her furious. She connects Dollie with it in some way. I don't know what the matter is I am sure, but I tell you I would not want to be the girl to get in Elize's path. She has a

devilish mean disposition. I can remember a few instances in our childhood when she showed that murderous temper of hers, and I've steered clear of her ever since. Pshaw—what a fuss to make over a man! There isn't one of the whole tribe I'd take as a gift.

MRS. T. (*wiping her eyes*): Wa'al I don't know what to do. If I could get this here Elliot McDowell fer her I would I'm sure.

JANET (*laughing*): Yes, of course you would, Mother. That's just what makes her so cantankerous. But I guess we had better put on our masks and get out of sight as I see the guests are arriving. (*They pass off L. Guests in fancy dress and masks appear in the ballroom. The orchestra plays dance music and the couples dance by opening or stroll into library. McDOWELL and DOLLIE, masked, stroll in and come up to corner R.*)

McDOWELL: Fair Goddess of the Night, why flee so swiftly from a forlorn mortal who worships at your shrine?

DOLLIE: Sir Knight, I am far from being a goddess. I am only a mortal like yourself, but a thousand times more forlorn.

McDOWELL (*aside*): Who can she be? I have heard her voice before but can't tell where. (*Aloud*) I am loath to believe such a statement. Such fairy grace of movement must, methinks, belong to an ethereal being. But come, if fairies such as you can know fatigue, rest a moment in this secluded nook. (*They seat themselves*) And believe me, fair lady, I would give a good deal for a peep behind that mask.

DOLLIE: Oho, Sir Knight! Treason in the ranks! (*Shaking wand at him*) You must play the game fairly. (*ELIZE strolls through on arm of partner, discovers them, stops as though looking at them an instant and then goes on*)

DOLLIE (*rising*): This party is a rare treat for me and I do not want to miss any of it. The music makes me wild to dance and I think my partner must be looking for me too.

McDOWELL: Your wish shall be mine, oh lady fair, but you

do not know how anxiously I shall await the hour for the removal of the masks.

DOLLIE: But, Sir Knight, perhaps ere that a friendly cloud will have wafted me hence, or, like Cinderella of Old, my pumpkin carriage may have borne me back to my fate with my cruel stepmother and her daughters, never more to be seen. (*Runs center and returns to ballroom. He lingers a moment*)

McDOWELL (*aside*): Cinderella—stepmother—I have it, by Jove! The little sister! Ha, ha, she is certainly a peach. (*Follows DOLLIE. Other guests stroll by. MRS. TRAVERS and JANET come in and go to couch R., MRS. TRAVERS fanning herself. Enter ELIZE L. Comes up to others*)

MRS. T.: Gals, I jest can't stand this thing on my face any longer. (*Takes off mask while ELIZE and JANET are watching the dancers*)

JANET (*to ELIZE*): Who in the world can that be in the black dress? I can't seem to place her at all, can you? The man in the knight costume seems to pay her a lot of attention. Do you know Elize, I think he is Elliot McDowell.

ELIZE (*uncasily*): Oh, I don't believe it is Elliot.

JANET: Humph! Looks like him. Where is he anyway? I haven't seen anyone paying you any particular attention this evening.

ELIZE (*sarcastically*): Have you had to turn many partners away?

JANET: Sh—sh—they are coming this way. It must be time to unmask. (*Couples come in and group themselves on stage. McDOWELL and DOLLIE front L. opposite MRS. TRAVERS, JANET, and ELIZE. TOM center back, alone*)

BUTLER (*entering center, comes front*): Ladies and gentlemen will please remove their masks.

(*Guests unmask. Laughter and conversation*)

JANET and ELIZE (*together*): Why Dollie Travers! You here?

McDOWELL (*aside*): The little sister! Thought I couldn't be mistaken.

(*TOM starts forward but draws back as McDOWELL turns to DOLLIE*)

DOLLIE: Yes, my dear mother and sisters, inasmuch as it lacked such a short time till my eighteenth birthday, I thought it no harm to come to a party in my own house, although you did dispense with the formality of an invitation. (*Laughs*)

McDOWELL (*aside*): Plucky, by Jove! (*To DOLLIE*) Miss Dollie, I hardly think we need an introduction. We have met before have we not?

ELIZE (*aside to MRS. TRAVERS*): Mother, are you going to allow this? Will you see your own daughter insulted in this way? Send this little upstart about her business, or I warn you something will happen. I can not stand it.

JANET (*laughing*): How can you help it? With Dollie and youth and beauty in the lists against you, what chance have you?

ELIZE (*chokingly*): Janet, I—

MRS. T.: Law me, darters, quit yer fightin'! Some one'll hear ye.

(*The guests have been strolling about and back to the ballroom. McDOWELL and DOLLIE also go up center to ballroom, followed by TOM, who is watching them*)

JANET (*rising*): Come, Mother, I think the laws of hospitality require that we join our guests. You had better remain here, Elize, until you recover your usual beautiful composure. (*They also go up center and exit. ELIZE sits with hands clenched. Servants bring in cups, saucers, dishes, and small tables. ELIZE starts up and goes hurriedly R. Servants finish work and retire. ELIZE re-enters R., busies herself about table, glancing from time to time toward ballroom. Takes bottle furtively from dress and puts something into one of the cups. Sits at table. Guests stroll in a few at a time. DOLLIE and McDOWELL, MRS. TRAVERS and JANET come to tables. Servants bring food and pour coffee. All take cups. ELIZE watches DOLLIE and, when she comes toward table, hands her a cup. McDOWELL has been watching ELIZE closely*)

ELIZE (*with forced gaiety as she hands DOLLIE the cup*): Here, Dollie, is your cup. It has just been poured and is nice and hot. Just a minute, Mr. McDowell, and I will hand you yours, too.

MCDOWELL: Why, thank you, Miss Elize. You are very kind I am sure, but I have a fancy to change with Miss Dollie here. (*Taking cup from DOLLIE and looking hard at ELIZE*) I am going to drink to Miss Dollie's health. (*He raises cup slowly to his lips still looking at ELIZE, who is standing transfixed with horror. As the cup reaches his lips, she gives a scream, sways toward him and falls, but is caught by TOM and laid on couch. As guests crowd around ELIZE, MCDOWELL empties cup among ferns*)

MRS. T. (*crying*): Oh, what ails her? Elize, speak to me! She ain't dead, is she? Oh—

JANET: Hush, Mother, she is only a little faint. You know she has not felt well lately.

MRS. T.: Yes, I know. An' ef that feller—

JANET (*aside*): Mother, for Heaven's sake hush! Elize would never forgive you. See, she's coming to now. (*Aloud*) I think she is better. (*To guests*) Please don't let this disturb you any. My sister is subject to faint spells, but she is recovering now. If you will excuse us we will retire. (*Taking ELIZE's arm, they exit R. The guests bow to MRS. TRAVERS and exit center. MCDOWELL, who has been conversing with DOLLIE in low tones L., bows low over her hand. TOM, who has been standing center watching, makes gesture of disgust and goes out center. MCDOWELL goes center back, waves hand to DOLLIE as he goes out. MRS. TRAVERS exit R. After all are gone DOLLIE crosses slowly and seats herself on couch*)

DOLLIE: Well, the party is over and life will settle back to its dull routine again. No more happy days for me. (*Taking head in hands*) In what darkened paths my feet are straying! This night closes my seventeenth year, and on the threshold of womanhood I have no bright dreams as other girls have. No "coming-out" party for

me with beautiful gifts and clothes. I haven't a friend in the world except Elliot McDowell and his friendship has brought untold wrath upon my head. Never can I forget the look on Elize's face to-night at the refreshment table. I wonder if she really did love him. She seemed to be terribly overcome—I'm almost sorry I did what I did, but I only wanted to tease her a little. I didn't think he would pay all his attention to me. Well, such things always come back on a person. I didn't gain anything by it, and I lost Tom's friendship. I'd give—yes I would—I'd give a hundred McDowells for Tom, but he won't look at me any more. (*Getting up and walking around the room*) How this room brings old memories back—my father! Oh, my dear, kind father, do you know in what hard places your little girl's feet are traveling? Oh, if your words would only come back to me. (*Center front, hands clasping head*) Night and day the thought haunts me. In my dreams I see this room—see myself here hunting, hunting and always, just as I am about to lay my hands on the missing paper, I awake and everything is gone. Oh, if I only could remember his last words! (*Goes off slowly to R., hand to head. Lights gradually lowered. McDOWELL enters stealthily at back and creeps front*)

McDOWELL (*in a low voice*): Well, Elliot, my boy, this is the first time in your checkered career that you have been a housebreaker. But I am determined to make a search for that will. Ever since I learned of the merciless persecution of little Dollie, I determined to find that document if it was in existence. By the aid of a friendly window here I am. That diabolical trick of Elize's to-night made me see that something must be done at once. Wonder how I ever thought of proposing to her. But now for the will and—Dollie! Was there every such a coy, mischievous bit of womankind before? I think a tremendous lot of that little girl and I intend to make her my wife—that is, if we find the will. Then I'll turn over a new leaf and make her the best kind of a husband. But this isn't finding it, and that is very essential. No

love in a garret for "yours truly" or for the fair little Dollie. That old desk over there is where she said she thought it was. Wonder what kind of a chap her old man was anyway. Queer old cuss to hide a thing away like that. (*Is hunting around the desk while talking*) Wish Dollie could remember where he said he put it. Not there—nor there— Danged if I can find it. Sh—h—some one coming as I'm a sinner. (*Hides behind curtain and looks out. DOLLIE enters center back. Walks slowly center front, eyes staring straight before her, expressionless as in sleepwalking, hands held out before her*)

McDOWELL: Dollie, as I live. Sleepwalking, by Jove, and going right to the desk. She'll find the will.

(*DOLLIE walks slowly down front, then over to desk. Slowly reaches up and touches a concealed spring. A drawer opens and she takes out long, folded paper. Turns, faces audience, comes slowly forward, staggers, clasping paper to breast, sighs, and sinks slowly to floor. McDOWELL, who has been watching all, comes swiftly forward as she falls*)

McDOWELL (*bending over DOLLIE, who is still asleep*): Brave little Dollie, you have come into your own at last. This must surely be the missing will. What a heavenly face! Those lips—how sweet! (*Straightens up suddenly*) Elliot, you haven't fallen as low as that, have you? Aren't beauty and innocence—helpless and alone—safe in your hands? How a man shudders when he gets a glimpse of his own baseness! God help me! I'll be a better man from this hour on. And if I ever do amount to anything I'll owe it all to you, little angel of innocence and light. But you surely can't lie there until morning, sweet one. If one of those hags should find you with that paper, it would not be safe an hour. What shall I do? I dare not waken her, for she would die of fright and mortification. I know—I'll lay her on the couch. There— And I'll take charge of this. (*Carefully slipping paper from her hand and putting it in his pocket. He carries her to couch, lays her down, and*

covers her with rug) Now, little one, sleep on. Your work is done. The days of your unhappy childhood are over and to-morrow's sun will shine on a new day—the day of a glorious womanhood. Good night—good night—
(Soft music as he slowly backs off center)

SLOW CURTAIN

ACT IV

Library of Travers home—same as Act I

(HANS and GRETCHEN enter R., GRETCHEN dragging HANS, who pretends not to want to come)

HANS: *Was ist nun?*

GRETCHEN (*mocking him*): “Was ist?” Vy don’d you de English spik? I dells you a dousand dimes alretty you must de English spik. (HANS makes gestures of not understanding)

GRETCHEN: *Du muss die English sprechen.*

HANS (*laughing*): *Ja, Ja, Jetzt versteh Ich.*

GRETCHEN (*angry*): *Ja, Ja, immer Ja, Ja.* I will ein school haben. I will be the teacher. (*Turning to HANS and pointing to herself*) *Leherinn!* (*Pointing to HANS*) *Du, scholar, Schüler.*

HANS (*delighted*): *Ja, Ja—*

GRETCHEN (*impatiently*): *Ja, Ja! Say “yes”!* (*Gets book and seats herself at little table. Gets bell, rings it, and seats HANS in front of her like a scholar. He tries to take her hand and put arm around her, talking German which she pretends she does not understand*)

GRETCHEN: *No, no! Spik English! I am English. (Proudly) I no understand Dutch.*

(HANS, with motions of despair, seats himself. She puts primer in his hand, shows him lesson, and laboriously reads) “a, b, c, d”—

HANS: *Ja, ja, Ich weiss.* (*He rattles off the alphabet in German, GRETCHEN trying to stop him*)

GRETCHEN (*in despair*): *Ach was fur einer dummer Esel.* (*Then goes over lesson laboriously again. HANS, at first yawning, drops head as if asleep. GRETCHEN, discovering HANS asleep, throws book down and shakes him. He*

catches her around the waist, kisses her and makes her sit down on seat with him, facing front)

HANS: *Ach, meine Lieber, Ich liebe dich, Ich liebe dich.*

GRETCHEN: *Ach, dass ist aber schön.* (*Yields to his embrace*)

(*DOLLIE enters center unscen*)

GRETCHEN (*starting up*): *Ach it is late. I must work.* (*She pushes HANS off R. in front of her while he tries to kiss her.*)

DOLLIE (*coming front*): *Ah, happy Gretchen and Hans! Their troubles seem to be over, while mine are as deep as ever. This is my eighteenth birthday and I have insisted upon having my dresses a little longer at least. Somehow I feel as if something were going to happen to-day, and I am not going to allow myself to be unhappy.* (*She has walked back to door in center and is looking out*) *Oh, there is Mr. McDowell! Wonder what he wants. I'll run and meet him.* (*Runs off center, but immediately re-enters hanging on McDOWELL'S arm. They come front laughing and talking as ELIZE enters R. She starts as she sees them, but immediately recovers*)

DOLLIE (*discovering ELIZE*): *Oh, Elize, Mr. McDowell was telling me such a funny story about something that happened to him when he was a little boy.* (*Laughing again*) *You must get him to tell it to you.*

ELIZE (*patronizingly*): *Oh, indeed it must have been very funny, for you were both much engrossed by it. But Mr. McDowell, won't you sit down and tell it to me?* (*Seats herself on couch R.*) *And Dollie, won't you please do a little errand for me? I wish you would go to Madame Fairabeau's and tell her to hurry with that gown she is making for me, as I want it for the Grovenor reception.* (*Fanning herself languidly*) *Hurry, child.*

DOLLIE (*laughing*): *Why certainly, Elize, I shall be delighted to go for you. And I'll leave Mr. McDowell in your charge. Get him to tell you that funny story.* (*Looking back mischievously at McDOWELL, she runs off L.*)

ELIZE (*clasping hands*): *Oh, Mr. McDowell, I do so love*

humorous stories. (*Firing cushions on couch*) I don't think we have half enough humor in our lives, do you?

McDOWELL (*who has been making signs of impatience and looking out after DOLLIE*): I—ah—I beg your pardon. What, eh—what did you say? (*Using eye glass*)

ELIZE: I said that I did not think we had enough humor in our daily lives—

McDOWELL (*aside*): The old cat! I wonder if she saw any humor in the situation last night?

ELIZE: Come sit down, do. (*He sits gingerly beside her*) Mr. McDowell, what has come between you and me? (*Looking down and toying with fan*) We used to be such good friends, but, somehow during these last two or three weeks I—we—

McDOWELL (*aside*): I'll let her know what's come between us in a minute. (*Aloud*) Why—I—don't know, Miss Elize—

ELIZE (*in a low voice*): It used to be "Elize."

McDOWELL: Oh, I hardly think I could have been so impolite as that. By the way, are you entirely recovered from your illness of last evening? (*ELIZE starts*) It seemed rather strange that you should have been attacked just as I was about to drink the coffee which you had just given to Dollie. (*ELIZE shudders and then looks at him in a stupefied manner, as he takes something from his pocket*) Here, by the way, is some property of yours that I took from a tramp, Jack Mugwump. I found him in the garden disguised as a lace peddler. (*ELIZE starts again*) Here. (*Handing her the ring and looking steadily at her*) And I would advise you, Miss Elize, (*rising*) in the future to have nothing to do with such suspicious characters. And now as I have an important engagement, I must leave you. (*Exit L. bowing. ELIZE collapses shuddering on couch, then starts up as though in agony*)

ELIZE: He knows, he knows, and I have lost him forever. Oh, how wretched I am! (*Exit R. sobbing*)

(*McDOWELL enters cautiously L.*)

McDOWELL: Well, the coast is clear again. I wonder when

Dollie will be back. She is the most provoking little minx. There was no necessity of her going on that errand, though it did give me the chance I have been looking for to settle things with Elize. I don't think she will bother me again. Dollie is a flower of a different color, and I fancy I'll not have an easy time with her. (*Taking will from pocket*) But, I have this all safe at any rate, and I am sure by the number of seals upon it that it is legal and shipshape. (*Reads*) "Last Will and Testament of George Travers." Won't there be some surprise when this turns up? Wish I knew just what it said, but of course everything must be Dollie's.

(*DOLLIE heard singing center*)

DOLLIE (*sings*): "What's so fair as a day in June."

McDOWELL: Oh, I know something a great deal fairer than that, Dollie.

DOLLIE (*starting*): Oh, you here yet! Where's Elize, Mr. McDowell?

McDOWELL: *Mister* McDowell! Why so formal always, Dollie? I have known you for some time now, but you always keep me at arm's length. What's the matter? Why do you keep me at such a distance?

DOLLIE (*looking up at him and laughing mischievously*): Why you see it is quite a distance from me clear up to you.

McDOWELL (*bending down quickly*): Well, I can make the distance much shorter—now do *you* see?

DOLLIE (*starting back*): Oh—I—

McDOWELL (*laughing*): I had you that time. But seriously, why can't we be friends—nay, more than friends? (*They have come front and he tries to take her hand*)

DOLLIE (*drawing away*): Why, I—you—why I don't understand.

McDOWELL: Not understand? You surely must know what my intentions have meant, the last few weeks. Why, Dollie—little Dollie—I want you for my wife.

DOLLIE: Oh, you can't mean it. Such a little insignificant thing as I am, Mr. McDowell—

MCDOWELL: Now Dollie, don't say "Mr. McDowell" again. Can't you say "Elliot" for my sake? But say "yes" anyway, for I *do* mean it.

DOLLIE (*half crying*): Oh, I can't! And you—you have been so good to me, too. Why—why couldn't we just be friends, like we have been?

MCDOWELL: Of course we'll be friends—the very best kind of friends, but why can not we be lovers too, Dollie? Say—

DOLLIE: Oh, I can't. (*Almost crying*) And you have been so good to me too. But I know I don't love you in that way.

MCDOWELL (*much moved*): Oh Dollie, don't say that.

DOLLIE: Oh, I'm so sorry. And you are the only friend I have too. (*Crying*) Ever since Tom left me you have been so good that I—

MCDOWELL (*startling*): Tom! Who's he?

DOLLIE: Why Tom Deering. Don't you remember I told you that he used to be my only friend until you came. Then he just got mad and left me. (*Sobbing*)

MCDOWELL (*aside*): Hm—m—that's how the land lies. To be outwitted by a mere boy! (*Aloud*) Well Dollie, don't cry, dear. If you are sure that you can't love me I suppose I must bend to your decision. But it is hard—terribly hard—

DOLLIE: Oh don't! (*Laying her hands in his*) I feel so wicked. And I'm losing all my friends—

MCDOWELL: No, no, I'll always be that I hope. And now, little girl, cheer up! I've something to say to you. Didn't you tell me that to-day was your eighteenth birthday? Well, in this state you are of legal age now and can transact business. The matter of your inheritance must be settled. I have your interests too much at heart to leave you in this unpleasant situation any longer, especially as I shall leave town very soon.

DOLLIE (*crying*): Oh, are you going to leave me too? Oh, what shall I do?

MCDOWELL (*hoarsely*): Hush dear. Don't you see how hard

this all is for me? I love you, child, as I never hoped to love a mortal being, and it would be impossible to stay here with no hope of ever making you mine.

DOLLIE: But you know I'll be your friend—your sister—

McDOWELL (*roughly*): Oh, you don't understand. I want no sister's love. But there, there, little Dollie—let's say no more about it. I do believe you are such a child at heart that you can not understand a great passion when you see it. My only hope is that some good man will get you. And meanwhile I want this will question settled. I want you to send immediately for your father's lawyer, Mr. Seymour, and summon your stepmother and sisters. I shall be back shortly and I think matters can soon be settled. And now comes the hardest part—I must say good-bye to you, little Dollie—sweetheart, as I had hoped to call you. For you and I will never meet quite like this again. (*Taking her hands and drawing her to him*) I want to say, little girl, that knowing you has made a better man of me—

DOLLIE (*drawing back*): Oh, how can you say that Mr. McDowell? (*At a reproachful look from him*) Elliot—I—I have been a despicable little sneak, it seems to me. I never can think of that day in the garden without blushing—

McDOWELL: And I can never think of it without a feeling of joy because it was the first time I ever saw your sweet face. (*Giving her a long look*) And now it will stay in my memory forever. (*Sighing*) But this isn't business. Now do as I say and—good-bye my darling—good-bye. (*Bending, he kisses her on the forehead and exits L.* DOLLIE *throws herself sobbing on the couch*)

DOLLIE: Oh, *why* couldn't I love him? And yet what do I know about love? (*Laughing mirthlessly*) I believe what he said was true—I've been so starved for love since Father died that I don't know the real article when I see it. Certainly Tom Deering has not bothered me much with his friendship of late. (*Sadly*) Well, I suppose, as I have said before, I shall have to fashion my life without friends. But this is not attending to the business

Mr. McDowell spoke of—I suppose I had better call up Mr. Seymour. (*Goes to telephone and while she is calling TOM comes in center back and listens*)

DOLLIE: Central! Please give me 244-L—Hello—Is this Mr. Seymour's office?—Will you call him, please?—Hello, is this Mr. Seymour?—This is Dollie Travers—Yes—Dollie—Dollie Travers—I would like to see you on business here as soon as it is convenient—Yes, I am at home—You know the place, of course—Yes—Well then, I may expect you in about half an hour—Very well, good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver*)

TOM (*coming forward*): Hello, Dollie—

DOLLIE (*screams*): Oh! Tom Deering!—What do you want to scare a person half to death for?

TOM: That's a nice welcome to give a fellow.

DOLLIE: What kind of a welcome do you deserve? Where've you been all this time? I've needed you just awfully—

TOM: Needed me? I like that! Haven't I seen you around with that dude of a McDowell all the time? He was off with the old love and on with the new pretty quick, wasn't he?

DOLLIE (*stamping foot*): Tom Deering you just keep still! I'd have you know that you are talking about the best friend I ever had.

TOM: Fine friend he is!

DOLLIE: Well he is—or was, rather! He's gone now. (*Half crying*) It's mean, it is, to talk about a man that's gone and can't defend himself.

TOM: Gone! You don't mean that he's left town?

DOLLIE: No, not yet—but he's going to.

TOM (*coming closer*): What do you mean, Dollie? What's he going away for? I—I thought he—well—he and you—

DOLLIE: Well, what did you think? I don't think you have much right to think anything about me at all, the way you have been treating me. But I don't mind telling you, I—I sent him away I guess. Anyway he said—

TOM (*cagerly*): Yes, yes what did he say—

DOLLIE: Well, he said— (*Hesitating, and in a low voice*)
—that he couldn't stay if I—didn't marry him.

TOM (*hoarsely*): And, you—

DOLLIE (*impatiently*): Oh, you stupid boy, can't you see?
I don't love him that way, so of course I had to send
him away.

TOM: Oh Dollie! (*Grasping her hands*) That's the best
news I've had in many a day. You can't know what
I've felt. He is a man—and rich, I suppose—and, as
you say, I'm only a boy. But what there is of me is
yours, Dollie—to do with as you please. Why I love
you so that I couldn't stay around while he was—

DOLLIE: What—what did you say? Tom, you *love* me—
Dollie Travers! (*A great light breaking over her face*)
Oh, now I see why I couldn't love *him*. It was *you* all
the time. Oh Tom, what is it? (*Putting hands to*
breast) It aches so in here—as if my heart would burst—
This—this is *love*. Oh Tom, Tom— (*Holding out hands*
to him) —I'll never be lonely and friendless again—
Oh— (*Sways toward him. He takes her in his arms*)

TOM (*kissing her*): Oh Dollie, this is too good to be true.
I'll probably wake up soon and see McDowell talking to
you again.

DOLLIE: Don't think of it again! I never thought of him
in any way but as a friend. And Tom, I feel as if he
has done more for me than I shall ever know. There
was something about that time last night at the mask
ball—when Elize fainted, you know—that I never under-
stood. I felt some way as though he was shielding me
from something. Anyway he has shown a great interest
in my affairs and has helped me in a great many ways.
It was at his suggestion that I summoned Mr. Seymour
here to-day. You know it is my eighteenth birthday,
and we are going to try to settle this matter of my
inheritance. Come, let's go out in the garden and watch
for Mr. Seymour.

TOM: Wait a minute, Dollie. (*Catching her left hand and*
examining her fingers) Can you imagine what I shall
get you for a birthday present? (*Catches her and kisses*

her again. She runs laughing and remonstrating up center. Exit C. followed by TOM. Enter MRS. TRAVERS, JANET and ELIZE R.)

JANET: Well, I wonder what this new move of Dollie's is anyway. I haven't time to waste around here. (*Looks at watch and paces restlessly up and down*)

ELIZE: Oh, Janet, do keep still! You tire me so—

JANET (*impatently*): Oh, you're always tired now.

MRS. TRAVERS: Law, darters, don't fight. (*Sniffing and looking at ELIZE*) Maybe the good Lord will see fit to seperate ye an' then heow bad ye'd feel. (*Crying into handkerchief*)

ELIZE: Oh, Mother, keep still! Goodness knows, I'd be only too glad if He would remove me from this scene of earthly joys. (*Sarcastically*)

JANET: Why Elize, how you talk! I wonder something doesn't happen to you. I should think Elliot McDowell would feel flattered to see you pining away for him.

ELIZE: Oh, he's too much taken up with Dollie to notice me. But I do wish this business, whatever it is, could be soon done with. I shall have to go to bed. (*Wearily*)

JANET: Oh, I lose all patience with you! Are you going to become a confirmed invalid just because you were jilted by Elliot McDowell? I'd like to see any man that could—

MRS. T.: Gals, gals, don't quarrel neow! (*Enter GRETCHEN L. with card which she hands to MRS. T. She peers at it, and then gets out spectacles to try to read it again. Meanwhile ELIZE has motioned GRETCHEN to help her to lie down on couch, arranging rug, etc. JANET gives her an impatient look and then snatches the card from her mother's hand*)

JANET (*reads*): Maurice Seymour, Esq.! What's he coming here for? I wonder if it's something about this wretched will again?

ELIZE (*rousing*): The will again? I thought that was settled.

JANET: It seems it isn't. (*To GRETCHEN*) Well, show him in.

MRS. T. (*peering at card*): Law, me—I—

JANET: Now, Mother, you just keep still and let me do the talking. You'll only expose your ignorance.

(GRETCHEN *shows Mr. Seymour in. HANS follows cautiously behind GRETCHEN. She sees him and when she comes back takes him by the arm and pushes him out in front of her L.*)

MR. SEYMOUR: Good day, ladies, Mrs. Travers, how do you do? (*Shaking hands*) And Miss Elize, you are looking rather pale this morning. And Miss Janet, busy as ever I suppose. (*Looking around*) But where is Dollie?

JANET: She hasn't come in yet, but—er—Mr. Seymour—

MR. S.: Well, my dear, what is it?

JANET: Well—To what do we owe the pleasure of this visit?

MR. S.: Now I like that. Can't an old friend come to see you without his motives being in question?

MRS. T.: Yes, yes. Law me, heow yeou talk, Janet! Hev ye ben tew lunch, Mr. Seymour? (*Bustling up to him*)

MR. S.: Oh yes, Mrs. Travers, thank you. (*Enter DOLLIE and TOM center*) Oh, here she is now! Well Dollie, child, how do you do? (*She rushes up to him, holding out hands*) Almost a young lady, eh? Eighteen to-day are you not?

DOLLIE: Yes, Mr. Seymour, but how did you remember it?

MR. S.: Oh, my dear, I was too well acquainted with your father not to remember the birthday of his only child. But Dollie, Miss Janet was just asking me the object of my visit here to-day, and for an answer I shall have to refer her to you, as you sent for me.

JANET and ELIZE (*together*): You, Dollie!

MRS. T.: Law me, Dollie—

DOLLIE (*addressing them all*): Yes, Mrs. Travers—Mother, Janet and Elize, I sent for Mr. Seymour to-day, (GRETCHEN *shows McDOWELL in L.*) that we might arrange some matters in regard to the estate of my father. You do not realize, perhaps, that I am eighteen years old to-day, and am no longer a child, to be treated as such.

McDOWELL: It was at my request that Miss Dollie arranged this meeting.

(MRS. TRAVERS, ELIZE, and JANET show astonishment. TOM, who has been standing back, center, takes his place at DOLLIE'S side. GRETCHEN is standing L. and HANS now comes cautiously in and stands beside her. She motions him to silence)

McDOWELL (coming front): Yes, I have a document to present before you. Mr. Seymour, will you make the contents of this paper known?

JANET and ELIZE (together): The will!

DOLLIE: My father's will! Oh, Mr. McDowell, where did you find it?

MR. S. (examining paper. All crowd around—MR. S., TOM, DOLLIE, and McDOWELL center—MRS. TRAVERS, JANET, and ELIZE R.—HANS and GRETCHEN extreme L.): Yes, this is the last will and testament of George Travers. I drew it up myself, and I assure you it is correct, witnesses and all. I knew it would come to light some day. Mr. Travers was peculiar and thought it safer in his own keeping than with me. Death came upon him so suddenly that he did not have time to apprise me of its whereabouts.

DOLLIE: But he did tell me—Dear papa— (Weeping) But I never could remember where he said he put it. Only sometimes in dreams it would come back to me, but by morning every impression would be gone. Mr. McDowell, where did you find it?

McDOWELL: Well, my dear Miss Dollie I don't know as I shall tell you. (Sadly) I had hoped to do so some time, but now all my plans are changed and I think you will have to let the mystery of the missing will remain a mystery still. It is all correct is it not, Mr. Seymour?

MR. S. (who has been examining paper): Yes, it is correct in every particular.

DOLLIE: But, Mr. McDowell, where—

ELIZE (sarcastically): Dollie, don't you think we might dispense with these reminiscences of yours and Mr. Mc-

Dowell's until we learn the contents of this document which has so *mysteriously* come to light?

JANET: Yes, Mr. Seymour, read it please—and get it over as soon as possible. We are beggars I suppose.

MR. S.: Well, it won't take a great time to read it that's certain. (*Reads*) "Last Will and Testament of George Travers.—I, George Travers, being of sound mind, do make this will and testament and by it all other wills or testaments heretofore made by me are declared null and void. To my wife, Mehitable Travers, I do devise and bequeathe the sum of ten thousand dollars. To my beloved daughter, Dorothy, I do bequeathe the residue of my estate and all properties of which I die possessed, to be hers and hers alone, subject to no conditions whatever.
George Travers

Witnesses:

Martha Kreutzer
William Berger"

ELIZE: Just as I expected.

JANET: Well, Dollie you have your rights at last. I always told Mother that you'd come out on the top of the heap.

MRS. T.: Law me, Dollie, I always knew your pa set a power o' store by ye. An' it ain't more'n nateral, ye bein' his own child.

JANET: There' there, Mother, you've said enough. You'd better be thinking of your own children who are left without a penny.

ELIZE (*rising*): Well, Dollie, I congratulate you on the success of all your schemes. I suppose you and Mr. McDowell are to be congratulated also.—Come, Mother and Janet, I am afraid we are sadly "de trop" in this happy family.

DOLLIE (*impulsively*): No—Oh no, do not feel that way!—Eliza, Janet, Mother—I am sure I want you *all*. Stay here—and if you can only love me a little, we may all be happy together.

ELIZE (*sarcastically*): Thanks, awfully.

MRS. T.: There, darters, I always told ye she was a good little thing, but ye wouldn't believe it.

JANET (*scornfully*): Yes, Mother, we always knew you loved Dollie. Why Mr. Deering, how do you do? It is quite a while since you have favored us with your society. Have Dollie's new charms added such a luster to her glory that you have come back also? Dollie, you *are* favored.

TOM (*aside*): Spiteful old cat! (*Aloud, to DOLLIE*) Shall I tell them, Dollie?

DOLLIE: Yes, I suppose so, but they won't be glad. I've no one to be glad for me.

TOM: Oh, you know you have me.

MCDOWELL and MR. S. (*together*): What's this we hear?

MR. S. (*looking at TOM and DOLLIE*): Well, this looks rather suspicious. Are we to offer congratulations?

DOLLIE (*confused*): I—yes—we—Oh, Tom *you* tell them. I can't!

TOM: Yes sir, you may. And although I am only a boy I've won the prize and shall do my best to appreciate it. Allow me—eh—to introduce you to the future Mrs. Tom Deering— (*Takes DOLLIE's hand*)

MRS. T.: Law me—

JANET and ELIZE (*together*): Well, I never—

(MR. SEYMOUR and MR. MCDOWELL shake hands with TOM and DOLLIE. GRETCHEN and HANS come up to DOLLIE and TOM)

GRETCHEN: Ach Fraulein Dollie, you haf one schatz, sweet-hard, now. You will not any more cry. I cry not any more now because mein lieber Hans is here.

DOLLIE (*taking her hands*): Yes, dear Gretchen, I hope my troubles are over as well as yours.

MR. S.: Well, well, little Dollie, this is rather sudden, but you never can tell what a woman will do. I wish you every happiness I am sure.

MCDOWELL: And so Mr. Deering turns out to be the fairy prince for our little Cinderella here. And since he is the choice of your heart, my little friend, I wish you both all the good luck possible in your journey through life.

DOLLIE: And we—Tom and I—will never forget how much

we owe to you, for it was through your efforts that the long lost will came to light. How everything has changed! Oh, I know we are going to be very, very happy from this day on.

(TOM and DOLLIE are center, hands clasped. MR. SEYMOUR on their right, McDOWELL on their left, MRS. TRAVERS and daughters extreme R., and HANS and GRETCHEN extreme L.)

CURTAIN

PLAYS

There is a growing tendency to make the Friday afternoon literary exercises correlate with, and grow out of the actual work of the school as far as possible. There is also a demand for short, sensible, educative plays, suitable for such occasions. We offer the following:

THE MISER OF RAVELOE. Based upon George Eliot's novel, *Silas Marner*. An attempt to represent in dramatic form a few of the most striking incidents of that story. Planned and written by the members of the second-year class of the Cairo (Illinois) High School. Time, one hour and a half, or may be prolonged, by pantomime and songs as suggested, to two hours. Price, 25 cents.

THE BLACK KNIGHT. For eighth grade, Grammar School, and First Year High School. Paraphrased from Scott's *Ivanhoe* and presented in the Westport, Conn., schools.

Presents Scott's *Ivanhoe* splendidly as a review, and intensely interesting as a play upon its merits, without a knowledge of *Ivanhoe*. Time, one hour. Price, 25 cents.

THE PROBLEM OF RHETORICALS, LITERARY EXERCISES AND CLASS PROGRAMS.

Much of the work done under the above head is, to say the least, not satisfactory from an educational point of view. The time is to a large extent wasted.

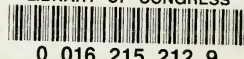
We offer a set of programs on an entirely new plan, **Practical Educational Programs for Literary Societies and Rhetorical Exercises**, by Christianna Spencer, High School, Spring Valley, Minn.

Among the many programs, a number will be found making splendid outlines for essays, composition work, debates and general assistance in history and exercises in rhetoric.

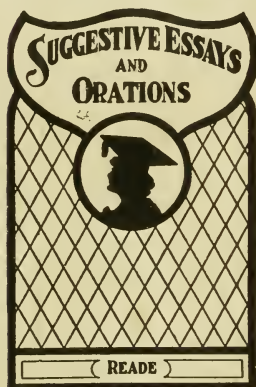
31 Programs. Price, 25 cents.

We have a full line of all material for school entertainments. Ask for Entertainment Catalogue.

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY, CHICAGO



Suggestive Essays and Orations



By CHARLES READE. For Commencement and other occasions. A new edition, entirely revised, rewritten and reset. This volume contains over fifty essays and orations on all subjects, and for all occasions, together with a choice collection of salutarious, valedictories, class songs, class mottoes, (both English and Latin), and a brief treatise on how to speak in public. This last is an important feature of the book. Its aim is not as a text book in elocution, but as a practical help for the student who has never before spoken in public and desires to make a creditable showing. A chapter on how to make commencement successful has also been added with the hope that it may prove of much benefit to teachers handling this difficult problem. The book contains matter for Grammar Schools, High Schools and Colleges. It is the best and most complete work on the subject published. Printed from large new type, on good paper.

224 pages. Cloth. Price, \$1.00

CONTENTS

FOR COMMENCEMENT

Valedictories: For Grammar School, High School and College	Salutarious: For Grammar School, High School and College	Class History	Class Poem	Two Class Prophecies	Class Will	Three Class Songs	A President's Address	A Farewell Address	Address to Graduates	Class Mottoes (over fifty)	Class Yell	How to Make Commencement Successful
--	--	---------------	------------	----------------------	------------	-------------------	-----------------------	--------------------	----------------------	----------------------------	------------	-------------------------------------

ON ORATORY

The Orator	Selected Subjects (one hundred)	Parts of an Oration
------------	---------------------------------	---------------------

FOR SPECIAL DAYS

Our National Holidays	Abraham Lincoln	Birthday of Washington	The Union Soldier	The Soldier Boy	A Tribute to Our Honored Dead	Independence Day
-----------------------	-----------------	------------------------	-------------------	-----------------	-------------------------------	------------------

ESSAYS, ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES

Forty-six of them in all. We mention a few:

America a World Power	Americanism	America's Coming Greatness	Books	Education	Expansion	Immortality of Good Deeds	Labor and Capital	Material Wealth of Uncle Sam	Men: Made, Self Made and Unmade	Mental Wealth of Uncle Sam	Modern Fiction [Sam]	Moral Wealth of Uncle Sam	Municipal Reform	New Era in Higher Education	New Opportunities in a New Age	Our Country	Power and Aim	Progress of Humanity	Pursuit of Happiness, The Success in Life	True Greatness	True Socialism, The Uncle Sam: His Character	Uses of Education for Business	Value of Reputation	Wealth. Etc., Etc.
-----------------------	-------------	----------------------------	-------	-----------	-----------	---------------------------	-------------------	------------------------------	---------------------------------	----------------------------	----------------------	---------------------------	------------------	-----------------------------	--------------------------------	-------------	---------------	----------------------	---	----------------	--	--------------------------------	---------------------	--------------------

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY - - CHICAGO